

The Chicago Daily Tribune.

VOLUME 27.

DRY GOODS.

GREAT DRY GOODS FIRE SALE

CONTINUED UNTIL ENTIRE STOCK IS SOLD.

Ladies should avail themselves of this

Golden Opportunity.

This sale is peremptory, and all goods are sold at a sacrifice.

MANDEL BROTHERS,

Nos. 63 and 65 WASHINGTON-ST.,

Between State and Dearborn.

LAKE NAVIGATION.

GOODRICH'S STEAMERS.

COAL!

Miner T. Ames & Co.

Office, 134 LaSalle-st.

LACKAWANNA COAL.

We are selling the best Anthracite Coal, free from slate, at lowest market rates. Satisfaction guaranteed. Special attention given to the Wholesale Trade.

Also, the best grades of Blossburg and Lump Lehigh Coals.

MINER T. AMES & CO.

OCEAN NAVIGATION.

FOR EUROPE.

CUNARD MAIL LINE.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

Four Sailings Every Week.

From New York every Wednesday and Saturday.

From Boston every Thursday and Saturday.

Cabin Passage, \$2, \$100, and \$100 in gold.

Round-trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Steerage Passage at lowest rates.

Mr. J. D. VERNET,

N. W. sec. Clark and Randolph-sts.

WHITE STAR LINE

GARVING THE UNITED STATES MAIL.

The magnificient new full-paste Steamship Republic, Baltic, Adriatic, Britannia, Oceanic, Cetio, etc., will sail from New York on Aug. 15, 1867.

From Liverpool on Aug. 22, 1867.

From Southampton, as far as Liverpool.

Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland from £1 upwards.

For further information address the Principal ALBERT H. WILLIAM BROWN, President, The Royal Mail Line, Liverpool, England.

Mr. G. L. AGGERGREN, Agent.

EDUCATIONAL.

LAKE FOREST ACADEMY.

A Boarding School, where Boys and Young Men may be educated for College and obtain a thorough English Education. The school is conducted by Mr. ALBERT H. WILLIAM BROWN, President, The Royal Mail Line, Liverpool, England.

The next School Year will begin on Sept. 1, 1867.

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Mr. G. L. AGGERGREN, Agent.

STATE LINE.

New York to Glasgow, Liverpool, Belfast, Dublin, Cork, and other ports of Europe.

Steamers will sail from Pier 26, North River, as follows:

STATE OF VIRGINIA..... Wednesday, Aug. 12.

STATE OF INDIANA..... Wednesday, Aug. 19.

STATE OF ILLINOIS..... Wednesday, Aug. 26.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA..... Wednesday, Aug. 3.

STATE OF MARYLAND..... Wednesday, Aug. 10.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Aug. 17.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT..... Wednesday, Aug. 24.

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS..... Wednesday, Aug. 31.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND..... Wednesday, Sept. 7.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE..... Wednesday, Sept. 14.

STATE OF VERMONT..... Wednesday, Sept. 21.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY..... Wednesday, Sept. 28.

STATE OF DELAWARE..... Wednesday, Oct. 5.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE..... Wednesday, Oct. 12.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY..... Wednesday, Oct. 19.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Oct. 26.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY..... Wednesday, Oct. 31.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Nov. 7.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Nov. 14.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Nov. 21.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Nov. 28.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Dec. 5.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Dec. 12.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Dec. 19.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Dec. 26.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Dec. 31.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Jan. 7.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Jan. 14.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Jan. 21.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Jan. 28.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Feb. 4.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Feb. 11.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Feb. 18.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Feb. 25.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Mar. 1.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Mar. 8.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Mar. 15.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Mar. 22.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Mar. 29.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Apr. 5.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Apr. 12.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Apr. 19.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, Apr. 26.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, May 3.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, May 10.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, May 17.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, May 24.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, May 31.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, June 7.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, June 14.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, June 21.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, June 28.

STATE OF NEW YORK..... Wednesday, July 5.

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ing, my sweet"—except for the hope that the discipline of this separation is to work out for me knowledge, patience, and subtler secrets in love,—I would chafe against the fate which parts me from you this winter. But I am so eager to leave behind me forever, and to have rooted out from my memory, the tendencies which in the past hath well-nigh wrecked me, that live my daily life as who perform penance. I have, indeed, been thoroughly aroused from the lethargy of indifference which has possessed me so thoroughly. Now I cry out for wisdom, guidance, and a new heart. As you regard your own happiness, put your strong arm about me—support and help me. Perhaps you do not think me sincere. Do trust me, *dear*. Where I write my name, I imprint a wife's kiss.

ELIZABETH.

MY THOUGHTS ACCOMPANY HER HUSBAND IN HIS TRAVELS.

WEDNESDAY, July 2, 1868.

MY HUSBAND: The moon is still shining clear and bright over my shoulder, as I sit by your desk writing. I have a sense of being near you,—nor could I help thinking as I looked into its broad, bright face that there was intelligence in it. Your eye could look upon it, and perhaps was gazing through the casement with like thoughts, as you left Quincy for your next appointment. Surely, then, I say to myself, if we both, with natural eye, may look at the same object, are we not side by side? And I almost feel your arms around me. I have not had such a sense of your personal presence since you went away. . . . Farewell. ELIZABETH, WIFE.

REBECHE'S VISITS ELICIT COMMENT.

FRIDAY EVENING, Feb. 17, 1868.

My Own: Supply, to gratify your own heart most perfectly, some enduring epithet. I sent you my valentine this morning, and because I have laid out work for tomorrow, with the little girls, I am going to you to-night that you may not miss my Saturday letter.

Blessings upon you, on, beloved!

You're friend Crosswicks (I shall evermore remember that place with gladness) came to-day. To hear that you are happy, cheerful, and love me in more than even my faith could hope. I kept over it, I laughed over it, I panted over it, and in the midst of my exultation, Mattie called in; and, though I was under vows now, to read your letters, I did the next best thing, which was to get the bottle of wine you sent me the night you left, and drank your bodily and spiritual health.

Mattie is hungry to hear from you. I think she feels a little care that Mr. B. visits here. See how a great power he and your dear self have over the heart. She said: "Lib, I heard through Mrs. Morris that Mr. B. called on you Wednesday. I believe he likes you ever so much." Now, my darling, I have often urged him to visit Mattie, believing he would find her more comforting and restful as he was. She would be refreshed and cheered—while, as for me, I who am rich in the fullness of your delicious love, have no need. Save for his sake I am gratified if I may minister, and thank God for it.

EPIPHANY DAY.

MONDAY MORNING, Feb. 27, 1868.

MY DEAR HUSBAND: I have just returned from prayer-meeting. The room was crowded and the exercises of unusual interest. I am inclined to appreciate these privileges, for they are passing away. Mr. Beecher cannot many years longer sustain his remarkable freshness of mind, and there can never be another who can fill his place to us. He had just returned from Pennsylvania where he has been all the week, lecturing twice.

I have not heard but once from you this week, and that was Monday. There is much lost in the days which bring me no word of love. Yet I know in whom I trust. Your labors, and even your very absence, proves your love. How much I want to do to make you happy when you come home! I can do great things; but all the many little things which love will suggest, these will I do for you.

STYLING TOWARD HAPPINESS.

HOMES, Feb. 28, 1868.

MY DEAR: I have just returned from prayer-meeting. The room was crowded and the exercises of unusual interest. I am inclined to appreciate these privileges, for they are passing away. Mr. Beecher cannot many years longer sustain his remarkable freshness of mind, and there can never be another who can fill his place to us. He had just returned from Pennsylvania where he has been all the week, lecturing twice.

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My Own: . . . You, darling, I have fallen (why not say risen?) desperately in love with my husband. I have fallen quite long enough. I cannot tell why such lines as these in your letters depress me: "I am a cheery, good-hearted, hopeful, and bright man." In my soul I rejoice that he who knows me so well should love so grandly. This is the theme or all my thoughts. No other sentiment or creature half power to move me.

The chords of my heart are set to the harmony of love for you. Now, how may I be able to express this to you when I write? That the hand will always burn, I know—but that the reason of infirmities, it shall glow upon the cheek and through the eye, I know not. In God only is my trust. He knows my heart's desire. I implore you to live "by faith, and not by sight," with regard to your dear little wife, who is in the way to keep both soul and body; I commit you to this night. Farewell. Yours devotedly,

ELIZABETH.

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of men and human life, " You must go more into society, — parties, but on journeys with me, — that you have been with me, — My journey has been as much Beecher's English journey was to

and I could only have plucked her! May God bless you, and to your side and into your arms all else in the world,—books, —I love you, my one and only love, —first, last, and perennial.

With ever growing love for you and dear Car- well, and with regards to Libby and Emma, I am, ever and ever,

THEODORE.
THE CHILD-LIKE MOTHER."

NEW YORK, Aug. 10, 1865.

MY DEAR PAP: I seize a moment before sleep-time to write a line to your dear self. You never this morning was thrice welcome. I am longer for you beyond all former hunger.

Ever yours,

THEODORE.
"I HEARKEN FOR YOU."

SUNDAY EVENING, Aug. 26, 1865.

MY DARLING: I am sitting at my writing-table, having just put both the children to bed in the room.

My Sabbath has been very delightful. I went to church this morning, and spent the afternoon with Florence and Alice, reviewing the history of David and Goliath. The children have been delightful companions.

It is now only and sometimes as sometimes of the lips to mine. And my feelings rise within me, as such a thrill as sometimes comes over me at the touch of your hand

and through multitudes of strangers, mutual interest in each other's lately been more than ever in the wonderful simplicity of God's name in each breast some strong and multitudinous faces of my anxiety. After all, one is with me, in comparison with one, dear, of husband to wife, our son, the peace and order of the world fall in all the unity of

the cause why Slavery, that tears families torn the States, also, to pieces, appreciate how exquisitely the heart is moved and corded until the by some pain undearable, so what the human heart is fibred made to ache. Then it proves

it is the multitude of hearts that when rending of ties between brothers in human friendships! man to man!

I begin to see, as never before, of the world, to an honorable family,—his wife's sitting-room, play-places,—his home. I hope soul should prove my life, to be now my face is made to cast a home. I have been too often asked if I am specially alone, and lonely; I am when I am specially alone, and lonely; I am, I am ready to promise never selfish exclusions again, but to life in your sweetest of all com-

lies so much in the moods of what I hope our dear little chicks and I love one another unto unceas and unbroken peace. Love magic. Is the gilding that a dull house. Love is rich measure already,—only let us all, and have fallen into night, — especially here; at a public table, with people walking up and down of me, and my ears full of that I have in this very house is lying of her runaway husband.

THEODORE.
"I WISH YOU WERE HERE."

MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 10, 1865.

MY DEAREST: A great company is gathering here at this moment. Carriages are rolling up at the door; ladies and gentlemen are getting out; congratulations are going on; but I don't care for the fashionable display, and have excused myself from mingling in the parade. I had first some hesitation in saying her words aloud, but overcame the scruple bravely.

I trouble at the thought of losing either of the girls. Life is useful, looked at through love. We have these treasures in earthly vessels.

I have been several days thinking how I could prove to make the world endurable without our companionship. Nor is it possible for us lovers ever to measure the depth of their own love until a separation searches both body or death stays one.

What we possess may not always under-

stand, though possession quiet and allays the insatiable longings which arise during separa-

tion.

It seems to me, that if you were taken away from me, this world would seem no longer worth carrying in. I thank God for my sweet wife, and the beautiful-minded children whom he has given me. May you and I become more and more like unto little children, and so be the more and fit for the Kingdom of Heaven.

THEODORE.
"I WISH YOU WERE HERE."

MONDAY EVENING, Aug. 29, 1865.

MY SWEET WIFE: I have put the children to bed, showing myself a perfect mother to them, and I sit and lament awhile over my losses separation from yourself. I have a fat envelope, which I carry in my breast-pocket, stuffed full of your letters from Montreal; and when I am specially alone, and lonely, I am, I am ready to promise never selfish exclusions again, but to life in your sweetest of all com-

lies so much in the moods of what I hope our dear little chicks and I love one another unto unceas and unbroken peace. Love magic. Is the gilding that a dull house. Love is rich measure already,—only let us all, and have fallen into night, — especially here; at a public table, with people walking up and down of me, and my ears full of that I have in this very house is lying of her runaway husband.

THEODORE.
"I WISH YOU WERE HERE."

MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 10, 1865.

MY DEAREST: A great company is gathering here at this moment. Carriages are rolling up at the door; ladies and gentlemen are getting out; congratulations are going on; but I don't care for the fashionable display, and have excused myself from mingling in the parade. I had first some hesitation in saying her words aloud, but overcame the scruple bravely.

I trouble at the thought of losing either of the girls. Life is useful, looked at through love. We have these treasures in earthly vessels.

I have been several days thinking how I could prove to make the world endurable without our companionship. Nor is it possible for us lovers ever to measure the depth of their own love until a separation searches both body or death stays one.

What we possess may not always under-

stand, though possession quiet and allays the insatiable longings which arise during separa-

tion.

It seems to me, that if you were taken away from me, this world would seem no longer worth carrying in. I thank God for my sweet wife, and the beautiful-minded children whom he has given me. May you and I become more and more like unto little children, and so be the more and fit for the Kingdom of Heaven.

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PETRARCH.

Celebration of the Five Hundredth Anniversary of His Death.

Grand Fete at Avignon — The Beautiful Laura of Noves.

(July 26) Correspondence of the New Herald.

For three days the ancient City of Avignon has been in full holiday trim, celebrating the five hundredth anniversary of the poet Petrarch's death.

Avignon was for sixty-five years

the RESIDENCE OF THE POET.

It was Clement V., a Frenchman, who transported the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, being impelled to do so by the political condition of the Pontifical States, the papal states whereupon impotently and firmly refused to pay. Clement had no absolute right to appropriate Avignon, but he did his claim on the aid of made by the Signor Nigra, who signed in exchange the sum of 100,000 crowns of gold. Considering the fact that Clement was but 11 years old when she moved to sign that instrument, any modern tribunal of justice would have held it necessary to go through a formal trial.

The Prefect of the Department, in a black and silver swallow-tail, presided, and was supported by the Signor Nigra, Italian Ambassador in France, and special delegate of King Victor Emmanuel. Signor Nigra, who is a poet himself, had been sent with instructions to the Pope, and informed him that he did not use the seal in any official papers.

The Pope was disappointed man said to have the next day.

This recitals the old lady who called upon Mr. Washington in Paris and asked to look at the Brooklyn Directory!

CITY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—STONY ISLAND AV.—8 ACRES OF FOREST LAND. Located corner of this avenue and Seventy-fourth Street, between the Forest Building, north-east corner Monroe and LaSalle.

"I know it now," shouted Cooley; "I know he has a violin-in-cellular!"

"Go to thunder," said Smith, and he shut the window with a slam, and went to bed.

And now the Cooleys don't speak to the Smiths, and old Cooley carries the answers to his commands written on his shirt-cuffs when he goes into company, so as to be certain that he will have them when they are wanted.

and grand, and that, soon finding it too painful to linger near the spot where his sweet-woman had left him, the poet betook himself to Italy. He chose Verona for his residence, made a gift to the city of his library, containing 4,000 volumes, and was in turn honored by one of the palaces on the Grand Canal. He died in the year of 69, in the city of Arqua, near Padua, where he had gone to visit Laura's eldest son, and his death was mourned in Italy as a national calamity.

His bold statement of progress became, by fatigues of body, unusual drowsiness, and slightly weariness, I have had greater peace of mind than in all my experience. I think that the temptations, particularly over my characteristic disorders into morbidity, I have had slight victories. Certainly I need no man-day for day, in my apparent to be more at peace than

most caused to fret at anything, is at anybody, to speak an ungracious carry any daily trouble. Perhaps like a singular tale of self-sacrifice, might not make such a statement as yourself. Nor do I count on any loan I may enjoy at while it lasts, it to my wife's ear, that she, along with her husband. Our minds, the continual minister of our daily if only we had the skill and between each, our faculties well. The high spiritual contentment of the soul, resulting from a mere activity of the will, resulting to be half the will, though over ungrateful, could be merely reaches and disappointments which I seek to divide my spirit, some are that must either self, or else be conquered, and even begin fighting a battle of the will, in the enjoyment of a little vicissitude report it to head-quarters. Good over.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

BROWN, WIS., Feb. 13, 1867.

AND CHIEF FRIEND.—I TELL you this evening when this question, do you realize the depth and my love for you? Yes, my dearest, it is true; it is never

so much as that I wish to divide my spirit, of whom I am unworthy. It is not possible for any woman to more than you love me. And I am rebuked by your strong and gentle love.

It daily drives me to a better life.

FRANCESCO PETRAKH.

was born in Arezzo in 1304, a rich but honest man, who, having begun as a son was exiled to Italy along with Dante, on account of his political opinions. He came and settled at Avignon, and when his son Francis had reached the age of 12 and had a good education, he sent him to Paris. But law had no attractions for Francis, and soon had become an atheist, which lamentable event occurred when he was 18—about the time he should have given himself wholly to poetry.

In writing, however, he was a poet of great power, and dreams of love and ambition, for his own heart's sake, to me, he has lost a sense of taste, and other experiences. I have seen him both so lovingly drawn all over, and rebuked by your strong and gentle love.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAURA OF NOVES.

He was then 22 and Laura 20, but she was a tall, slender girl, with dark hair, a frank, and winsome face, with perfect features, and was very much admired by all.

She was the daughter of a poor peasant, whose ordinary clothing was cast-off. The portraits of her show a pale, thin, with tranquil eyes, waving raven hair, dimpling smile, and lips firm set in a smile, which often gave her a look of great wretchedness, as if she had been born to suffer.

She was often ill, had a weak heart, and a pale complexion, and was extremely delicate.

Her father, a poor peasant, had a small farm, and he had to work hard to support his family.

He had a son, named Francis, who was

then 10 years old, and he was sent to Avignon to study law.

He was a tall, slender boy, with a pale face, and a frank, winsome smile, and was very much admired by all.

He was the son of a poor peasant, whose ordinary clothing was cast-off.

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POLITICAL.

Second Convention of the Independent Party in Indiana.

New Nominations Made for the Principal Offices.

Some Evidences of Want of Harmony in the Party.

Western Congressional Nominating Conventions.

Minor Political Items.

The State Independent Convention of Indiana.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 12.—The second State Convention was called to order at 11 o'clock a.m. All the counties in the district were represented by full delegations, except Richland; the delegates from the county failing to make proper railroad connections.

Judge Burdett, of White, was temporary Chairman, and Hayill, of the Mount Carmel Hotel, President, of Mr. Vernon Free Press; Steel of the *Graphic*, of McLeanburg, were selected Secretaries pro tem.

A committee of one from each county was appointed on credentials and similar committees on organization.

In the afternoon the Committees on Credentials reported that the counties represented were entitled to the following representation, the basis being one delegate for each 100 members of the population: Edwards, 9; Franklin, 8; Gallatin, 8; Harrison, 10; Jefferson, 13; Saline, 13; Walsh, 10; White, 16; a total delegation of 113.

The Committee on Permanent Organization reported John J. Carroll, President; Vice-President, George E. Miller; Secretary, James H. Haist, of Henry County, Secretary, These are the same officers that served at the first convention. The Chairman said that the Farmers' movement was one of great interest to him, and the honor conferred upon him one of which he was proud. He was a member of the first Agricultural Board in the State, and any movement involving the interests of the farmers very near his heart. He wanted honest men to serve on the platform, so that, while it may do harm and mischief to the Trade, it will not do the same to the country if free trade was allowed to farmers. Mr. Darwell said:

Import from the United States becomes more, but you do not buy sugar from one country, nor cotton from another, etc., from what I mean is paid here to the farmer.

These are the men of whom you have heard, who wish to sell their crops.

They market them, so that they must make them cheap, robbing them of all profit.

The people—the farmers—are the ones that pay the prices up by 200 per cent.

I think this is very foolish policy, and the explanations of this division of the party, that will fall down this line now, will not be good.

Trade, however, is immensely increased in the countries if free trade was allowed to them.

The uses of advocacy." One of

which physician, who asserts that

crying art of grief, advantage of

surgical operations, because

distinguish by these two means.

He is a man who reduced his pain

by crying and groaning,

and had attended many meetings

of the party, and thereby adopted

the former's movement.

The party will rejoice that the

Farmers' movement is, but is really relieving the

party will probably prolong that

the work of the party, and the

the crying is doing her good and

wishes. He will therefore be in-

dicated.

Aaker has put his foot in it. He

is ahead of himself when he

adopts of Egypt as a stand-

He has recently published a

article in the *Chicago Tribune*.It is in the *Times*, in which he gives ex-

a name of a hypocrite. While Sir

was telegraphing all over the

one news that slavery was abol-

ished, he was a slave.

Sir Samuel, one Abon Saod was

importing slaves. Sir Samuel

had the promise that this traitor

would be tried at the earliest oppor-

tunity. All of which goes to show that

the Egyptian despot is not to be re-

garded as less than that of an ordinary

character.

The character has recently died in

was the editor of the *Harmo-*

nists

and, of course

management of affairs was

done.

His paper never had a

circulation than the *Patriot*.

and paper, with the exception of

newspaper news could be ex-

plained.

The character was a

man of property, he owns De-

rake, and wife, and he has

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THE TILTON LETTERS

also flooded the town with handbills announcing the extra and its contents. The only editorial comment was as follows, showing that, in spite of the warmth of its support of Tilton, it hesitate to publish all the truth in this community, where Beecher has his strongest constituency:

The statements published in to-day's *Athenaeum* from THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE are very painful reading. We trust that some of the facts mentioned in them, which the reporting party have been omitted, or that more recent events will soften their meaning. Although from the column of the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Athenaeum* has excreted parts of the statements until it has verified their authenticity.

The *Eagle*, however, which has loudly championed Beecher, may be because the latter has been the most active man in Brooklyn in trying to get Thomas C. Fields, Superintendent of Public Schools, to stay a suit for seduction against Kinsella, editor of the *Eagle*, was dismissed with Gath's story. It was not aware until its first edition was printed that THE TRIBUNE had reached her, and, so, in view of Moulton's mild statement submitted to the Committee, had printed in its first edition a highly-complimentary editorial about Moulton. It says:

If we look at the whole crowd connected with this scandal, we see but one man in it that is Frank Moulton. All that he could do to avoid swallowing the scandal he did. When finally he spoke, he did not say a word more than he had to say against the man or men who were seeking the papers, has actually given us no evidence whatever, and has uttered an additional tempest only to hang a rag of the story on.

But the whole aspect of matters was changed before its last edition was published, and that issue said of Moulton as follows:

THE NEW STATEMENT OF FRANK MOULTON.

It is not easy to overestimate the gravity of the statement made by Frank Moulton, on authority of Mr. Townsend. Whatever may be said of Mr. Townsend's ability to color facts as he sees them, and of his personal character, it is clear that he has talked in other quarters, that it is hardly possible in so grave a matter even as this, that he would not be fully satisfied if he did not leave him where he had found him; while at the same time, according to Mr. Townsend, he gave publication to the action against Mr. Beecher, he left him to stand alone. This indeed he, so far as I will be able to find, is the case.

Mr. Tilton—I hope to settle the case without being obliged to produce any more evidence.

Reporter—Then you have more evidence in

Frank Moulton in regard to his statement, but I know what Moulton knows, and I can simply repeat what I said to you yesterday. Frank Moulton will confirm the truth of my story, for he will tell the truth.

WHAT WINSTOW THINKS.

Reporter—Has District Attorney Winslow seen the originals of the letters from which you quoted?

Mr. Tilton—He has. He has made full and thorough comparisons.

Reporter—No man stands higher in the community, as you know, than John Winslow. What do you say after he had inspected the original letters?

Mr. Tilton—Well, you know it has been charged that I garbled those letters. If I had done any such thing, I should certainly have held myself up to the scorn and contempt of the public. After Mr. Winslow had inspected the letters he came out into the room where I was. I said, "John, do I garble those letters?" He replied, speaking slowly and with emphasis, "Why did Mr. Beecher write those letters?"

Reporter—Will Mr. Moulton give a detailed statement to the public?

Mr. Tilton—You know just as much about that as I do. Gen. Butler, I think, has advised Mr. Moulton not to give his proofs to the world unless they are wrung out of him. Now, John Winslow knows much of the case, and we can afford to wait developments. I repeat that I have told the truth in my sworn statement. I have been maligned terribly. All sorts of crimes have been laid at my door, but not a word of explanation or defense have you heard from the other side. Now, I can afford to take all this abuse, for I know that I am right, and I know that I can prove it.

Reporter—Judge Morris, your counsel, says you have not fired your biggest gun yet. Is that true?

Mr. Tilton—I hope to settle the case without being obliged to produce any more evidence.

Reporter—Then you have more evidence in

Mr. Tilton—I have.

Reporter—You have heard rumors to the effect that a compromise has been agreed upon. What have you to say on that point?

Mr. Tilton—When the paving-stones blossom into roses, then I will compromise that case. Moulton and Tilton left to-night for Narragansett Pier.

EECHER'S STATEMENT.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

PROTESTS HIS INNOCENCE—CHARGES OF BLACK-

MONEY.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—Beecher is now reading his statement to the Committee at his house. All are present, together with counsel, but nothing will be given out until morning. The Brooklyn papers will probably have it in time for their evening editions. Moulton's statement will be given out at the same time. The whole will make from twenty-five to thirty columns of your paper. Beecher's friends claim that it will at once be proved to have been innocent, and yet at the same time to have been blackmailed out of his innocence. The *Eagle* has already thrown doubt on other statements, that Tilton and Moulton left the city to avoid the possible consequences of Beecher's exposure. Beecher makes full confession, the idea of great wealth, and the like. One of the most important statements in his answer will be a denial of some of the statements in the confession, or apology. It will be remembered that Tilton, on cross-examination, admitted that he was not guilty of all, and, in particular, of the charge of having sold his soul to the devil. Some there have evidently been treachery, and the whole of it seems now to bear down upon Henry Ward Beecher. His statement changes the whole situation. It has been more than whispered, as Beecher's friends have asserted, that he was offered a bribe to give way to threats of blackmailing operations, under threats of exposure on the part of men who are willing, may even be anxious, to expose the secret of the committee by him of some offenses which, on their showing, he was not guilty of at all, and, in particular, of the charge of having sold his soul to the devil. He deserves the public, in a temper, to believe what Mr. Beecher's friends have asserted, that he was entangled in a moral scandal, and that he was offered a bribe to give way to threats of blackmailing operations, under threats of exposure on the part of men who are willing, may even be anxious, to expose the secret of the committee by him of some offenses which, on their showing, he was not guilty of at all, and, in particular, of the charge of having sold his soul to the devil. Some there have evidently been treachery, and the whole of it seems now to bear down upon Henry Ward Beecher.

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SPORTING NEWS.

Second Day's Record at the Dexter Park Shooting Tournament.

The Races at Rochester and Utica Yesterday.

Goldsmith Maid Makes Her Mile in 2:14 3-4.

Turf-Notes from Various Other Points.

The Winners in the Three Contests at the Grand Haven Regatta.

Amateur Base-Ball Tournament at Peoria.

THE TRIGGER.

The combination of the pigeon tournament at Dexter Park, yesterday, under the management of Messrs. S. H. Turrill and Abner Price, developed some remarkably fine shooting on the part of several of the numerous contestants for the prizes, and the financial results so far indicate that the enterprise will be a great success.

Aside from the heat, which everybody will admit was a trifle too intense for bodily comfort, the weather was just right for trap shooting, there being a clear sky and a gentle breeze, and the birds were in excellent condition, being strong and ready flyers. A section of Page's Band played a miscellaneous collection of airs in a miscellaneous sort of way. At Mr. Page himself was not present with his magic cornet, and general musical knowledge, the performance of his subordinates were deeply suggestive of the play of Hamlet with the central character left out. But the average pigeon-shooter, though a worthy and oftentimes a wealthy citizen, is not by any means a critical person, and, as the spectators yesterday made no complaints about the music, it is to be presumed that they were pleased with it, or else gave it no thought whatever.

THE WONDERFUL TIME MADE AT THE SHOOTING TOURNAMENT.

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THE SHOOTING TOURNAMENT.

Owing to a shower the 2:45 race is postponed until to-morrow. Also the remaining two heats are postponed.

The following is the result of the 2:45 race up to the postponement:

First race, purse \$1,500, 2:45 class.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

THE PARK RACE.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 12.—The attendance at the Utica Park Association to-day was double that of yesterday. The weather was pleasant and the track in splendid condition. After three regular heats, the last one being won by the Maid, American Girl, Goldsmith Maid, Fullerton, and Henry to start. The two other purses, \$1,500 and \$5,000 for horses that had never beaten 2:45, and \$5,000 for horses that had never beaten 2:29, were both well contested, as the following summarizes:

Goldsmith Maid's time, 15:27; Athletics, 15:30.

The race was a fine one, the boats keeping near together, the Scullers apparently only trying to lead the Maid, and not attempting to pull away.

The second heat was the six-o'clock heat, with three entries: Grand River Boat Club, Lansing, Mich.; Daniel W. Buck, R. J. Shank, stroke, A. H. Dane, W. E. Crossland, G. D. Graham, H. F. Conroy, and Fred. M. Morris, bow. The boat of the Detroit Club, Detroit, Fred. Philip Porte, stroke, J. Craig, W. H. Allen, A. L. Mitchell, Jno. Wilby, Fred. Wilby, bow; Excelior Boat Club, Detroit, E. R. Russell, bow; and C. H. Armstrong, F. D. Standish, bow.

The first heat was easily won by the Maid, American Girl, Goldsmith Maid, Fullerton, and Henry to start. The two other purses, \$1,500 and \$5,000 for horses that had never beaten 2:45, and \$5,000 for horses that had never beaten 2:29, were both well contested, as the following summarizes:

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